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ORATION  
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AN ORATION  
DELIVERED AT  
PORTCHESTER,  
IN THE TOWN OF RYE,  
COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER,  
ON THE  
FOURTH DAY OF JULY,  
1865,  
BY  
ALEXANDER W. BRADFORD.

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## ORATION.

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MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF RYE:

I thank you for the honor of being permitted to appear before this public assemblage; but I deeply regret that since I received your kind invitation, so brief space has been allowed me, adequately to perform my duty.

The occasion is one of absorbing interest. It is a crowning period in our history. In the present hour the transactions of centuries seem to culminate.

We are carried back to the time when all around us was an unbroken wilderness; when men crossed the ocean, to plant the germs of a great empire and a free people,

in a new world, reserved by Providence to receive them in the latter days of the earth.

We are reminded of the infancy of the Republic—of the Union which our ancestors established—of our gradual growth in national power and resources—of the spirit of discord suddenly let loose—and the agonies, throes and convulsions which lately threatened to shatter the body-politic.

The daily press supplies us constantly with military and naval exploits, and even children lisp the names of our battles, and of our heroes. The statistics of the war, the immense armies and navies, and muniments of war, the good Samaritans of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, all these are household words—and I shall leave them, to spend a short time in some general reflections specially applicable to the present epoch.

In doing this, no regard shall be had to

politics. I have had none, since the 4th of March, 1861.

When the flames ascended from Fort Sumter, party hacks were discarded, and the people, rising in their might, became ONE.

Party lines and discipline, and maxims, caucuses and committees, all went down into one indistinguishable mass, and the nation was purified of parties.

In no respect has this been more eminently exemplified than in the case of the present administration. It is composed of men of every conceivable political origin, and yet is harmonious—harmonious because animated by a pure spirit of patriotism. And at its head presides Andrew Johnson, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Elijah, and who wields his vast power with dignity, wisdom unsurpassed, with wise discretion, gravity of judgment, and prudence, à due

regard to the peace of the nation and to constitutional government,—and with a clear head and a strong hand.

Nor is there time to devote to the philosophic inquiry as to the effect of these events upon foreign nations—except just to state two points.

First—That the inevitable influence of such an exhibition of the power and resources of a free government must amaze the peoples of the earth, and strike a chord of sympathy that will course like the electric fluid, and arouse them to action.

Second—That America stands to-day undaunted before all the earth, with no superior—full of glory—without reproach and without fear.

And what of the public debt? *Magna res.* It is a large thing. Some of the wise men call it a national blessing, some a national

curse; but honest people accept it, know it must be paid, and propose to pay it—to the last dollar.

Leaving these and other questions—Maximilian—damages for depredations on our commerce—negro suffrage and negro labor—to the certain solution of time, which always resolves all perplexities; let us turn for a few moments to ourselves, and the circumstances under which we are assembled.

What a day is this! How, filled to overflowing with joys and sorrows, with teeming memories of the past, and congratulations of the present; and although the storm be gone, yet as one smiles in tears, the sun paints upon the subsiding cloud the glorious rainbow of gladsome hope and precious promise.

“They that sow in tears  
Shall reap in joy.”

“He that goeth on his way weeping, and



beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

Let me ask, why is it we celebrate this day?

Because it marks the birthday of our national existence?

That it commemorates an historical event of domestic interest and importance?

Because it signalizes the declaration of Independence?

That it is a monument on the course of time signifying a certain degree in the progress of government?

Truly, all these and many other minor reasons exist, for the gathering together of the people.

But there is one higher and deeper; which sweeps in all time, all races, peoples, tribes and tongues; which girts the earth, enchains the interest of universal humanity,

and mounts up to the very heavens in supernal majesty. This day is the anniversary of the promulgation of the gospel of freedom.

In secular history it is the day of days ; and until sun and moon and stars decay, the truths it symbolizes will gladden the hearts of the oppressed ; will be wafted from nation to nation, until the spirit of universal emancipation, planted as deeply and firmly as the mountains, shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas.

I speak not in a vain spirit of glorification, but under a deep sense and conviction of the theme I expound.

“ We hold,” said our forefathers, “ these truths to be self-evident : that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

“Self-evident” were these truths; not attained by chop-logic, cunning reasoning or acute metaphysics; not the product of dialecticians or schoolmen or hair-splitting lawyers. But self-evident—manifested by their own light, as the meridian sun,—shining in every heart that beats, lighting up every human soul; burning in every bosom wherever a man treads the face of the earth;—clouded, it may be for a time, or for ages, among the downcast and oppressed;—crushed indeed, and overwhelmed almost by grinding tyrannies and despotisms; but still undying: among the weakest, witnessed by the still small voice of nature: and among the stronger and more valiant, speaking out, trumpet-tongued, with heroic daring and with noble deeds.

“All men are created equal.” Shout the glad tidings! Down fall kings and dynasties! Man is born free! There is neither might,

nor power, nor dominion, which can of right oppress him, for by the law of his creation he is born free. *Omnes homines liberi nascebantur*. Nature has neither caste nor distinction, hereditary right nor title of nobility. She knows neither prerogatives of wealth nor of power.

The freedom of man is unbounded; without chains or shackles. It has no dependence upon fortuitous circumstances. It is not an accident of color—tawny Indian, white Caucasian, or the black slave—all are born free. Whatever in the malice, and wickedness, and selfishness of their fellow-creatures may be done unto them; however they may be brought low, and be placed under task-masters, and made hewers of wood and drawers of water, and brick-makers without straw; however they may be sold into captivity, torn from weeping wives and children; yet this is man's work—by God, they were born free!

Oh, inestimable and precious truth ! lighting up with its celestial glory the cottage of the poor, the dungeon of the innocent prisoner, and the desolate wastes of human slavery, and proclaiming to the miserable and oppressed all over the face of the earth the inherent dignity and majesty of the nature of man !

And we are all born with unalienable rights ! —rights with which we cannot part. We cannot surrender them—cannot be lawfully deprived of them, by force, temptation or cunning. They are unalienable—they belong to our nature. They are not negotiable. They are part and parcel of our humanity—subject neither of barter or sale, stealth or robbery.

What are these rights ?—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The first is life. That, indeed, comprehends all. It embraces liberty and the pur-

suit of happiness. Life as a man—with a soul, endowed by the Creator; clothed with attributes but little lower than the angels.

Think of all the powers of the human mind and the human heart; the relations of parent and child, husband and wife—the tender affections and the exquisite delights which cluster around the domestic fireside; where a man's home is his castle—the castle of his happiness.

Think of the triumphs of science and art and knowledge,—the investigating mind which has explored the deepest resources of the physical world, and brought all her powers into subjection;—the noble strains of poetry, the voice of history, the dreams of philosophy, the sweet ballads and grand anthems of music, the glorious works of painting, architecture and sculpture; and, above all, the sanctities of religion and the worship of God, wherein to walk we are all made free.

These are all unalienable rights given unto us by the Supreme Creator, and which no man can take from us !

I have thus briefly, my friends, indicated the great truths promulgated by the Declaration of Independence, eighty-nine years this day, and the deliberate announcement of which, to my mind (and I cannot but think you will agree with me) marked a new era in the history of man.

They were advocated at the point of the sword. For them our fathers bled and died. In them our fathers laid and cemented the foundations of the republic. For them their posterity have lately passed through tribulation and anguish and the dire conflicts of war ; and in them we now renew our allegiance to the cause of universal emancipation.

But there was another circumstance which characterized the Declaration of the 4th day of July, 1776.

It was made by the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, "in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies," and it solemnly published and declared that these "united colonies" are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.

No colony went out single-handed into the bitter conflict with England. No State acted without the sanction of its constituents; but the People commanded the act, and the "United colonies" sanctioned it.

This UNION was congenital with our existence as a sovereign power. The States were all born together, as free and Independent States.

I wish to draw your especial attention to the fact that on the 15th day of November, in the year 1777, "in the second year of the independence of America," as they style it,



of America, not of the States—the delegates of the United States, including all the thirteen original States, agreed to certain articles of general government, and these were styled “articles of confederation and perpetual union.” Not merely union, but *perpetual union*.

These articles were the basis of the present constitution, and though modified in many respects, it will be found by the careful examiner that they presented the very keel and ground-work of the constitution of 1789.

They conclude with this solemn invocation :

“And whereas, it has pleased the Great Governor of the world to incline the hearts of the Legislatures we respectively represent in Congress to approve of, and to authorize us to ratify the said articles of confederation and perpetual union : Know ye, that

we, the undersigned delegates, by virtue of the power and authority to us given for that purpose, do by these presents, in the name and in behalf of our respective constituents, fully and entirely ratify and confirm each and every of the said articles of confederation and perpetual union, and all and singular the matters and things therein contained ; and we do further solemnly plight and engage the faith of our respective constituents, that they shall abide by the determinations of the United States in Congress assembled, on all questions which by the said confederation are submitted to them ; and that the articles thereof shall be inviolably observed by the States we respectively represent, and that *the union shall be perpetual.*"

Now we have here several memorable facts :

1. That throwing off the authority of the

crown of England, the Legislatures were the sovereign authorities of the States.

2. That for the purpose of forming a confederation they appointed certain delegates, with plenary powers, to ratify certain articles of confederation.

3. That those articles provided for *a perpetual union*; and

4. The delegates solemnly ratified those articles, and declared that the union shall be perpetual. *Esto perpetua.*

Add to this again:

1. That the declaration of independence was made by the united States as a unit—as one organized body.

2. That the present constitution was adopted by the people of the United States in order to form *a more perfect union*—and we have the clear and undeniable fact graven and cut deep upon the very corner-stone of

the republic, that our great government is a national unity. *E pluribus unum*. One and indivisible.

The thought that fills my mind this day is that the American people have now, after the lapse of so many years, fully and efficiently—without stint or measure, without limit or compass, but largely, broadly and universally, by arms and by blood, confirmed ratified and sanctioned, in the face of the world, before kings and despots, the two great principles of the Declaration of Independence—the unity of the republic and the freedom of man.

Both of these have been wrought out and finally determined forever on this continent by the late war.

Whatever be the form of government, the enlightened and thoughtful man prefers almost any form to no government at all; for anarchy, the absence of all government,

is in its very nature subversive of the peace and order of society, the enjoyment of life, liberty and property, the welfare and happiness of every member of the community.

UNION is the type of order, peace and tranquillity at home—abroad, of national power and majesty.

SECESSION is the incarnation of anarchy.

It plots in secret conclaves, through long years, vile treachery.

It betrays sacred trusts. It contemns sacred oaths of allegiance.

It carries treason into cabinet councils.

It breaks solemn contracts. It violates constitutions.

It bids defiance to the obligations of law and of conscience.

It repudiates pecuniary obligations. It carries the pirate flag upon the high seas.

It poisons, steals, decoys, ensnares, destroys, burns, and assassinates !

From the beginning to the end it is one long continuous career of every shade of crime and human malignity.

I think this picture is not over-drawn. There may be minds unwilling to receive it—but it will be vindicated by history ; and at home and abroad, in all future time, mankind will regard the moral qualities of secession with loathsome disgust and righteous indignation.

Now what is the vital principle of secession ? Why, nothing more nor less than a supposed right resident somewhere to rebel without sufficient cause, or any cause ; to separate from a lawful government, and form an independent society.

And what is the real principle of unity ? Why, nothing more nor less than the converse of the previous proposition. The right of

a lawful government to stay, restrain and prevent the separation of a part; and I may add the power to do it. Wayward sisters are to be kept at home.

Now secession obviously embodies a principle of weakness, division, disorder and confusion. And it has no limit. It may be carried to States, cities, counties, towns and wards; and if it authorizes upon just ground the secession of South Carolina, it may as well authorize the secession of the town of Rye, or the ancient village of Port Chester; and in such case there is no earthly reason why we should not have our President, Cabinet and Congress, and capitol, on this hill,—which might be agreeable, though very expensive.

Union, on the other hand, embodies all the elements of order, power, vigor and concentration. It binds together a great people under one government, with the same laws,

the same language, the same interests, and presents to the world the port and mien—one unbroken front—of a great nation.

Let us now leave the philosophy of this case, and see if we have not all learned some lessons in the experience of the past four years.

The time has come for confession of all weaknesses and prejudices, the abandonment of all set notions, the relinquishment of artificial political affinities, and a fair and just recognition of our duties as citizens under the altered circumstances of the republic.

How little men know of the greatness of the plan of human action in which they daily take a part. Intent only on the pursuit of the hour, winning our daily bread; occupied with the emotions, or passions, or sentiments of our nature, and which enliven only a brief existence, we have little comprehensive forecast or philosophy. And even with



the application of all our reflection and sagacity, how impenetrable are the great problems of history, until they are solved by the demonstration of events. We are all participators—each one in his humble capacity. But with minds contracted to the narrow limits of temporal occupations, we hardly notice, unless especially called to the consideration, the vast movements carrying us irresistibly, though imperceptibly forward. The mighty tide and swell of the ocean of humanity, on which we are borne, is heaving upward and onward without our being conscious of its motion or power, unless arrested by some sudden shock and dire calamity ; or borne safely within a haven of rest and felicity.

In the ineffable goodness of God we have been happily brought to a state of peace and repose, and may we now on this day be thankful.

One of the lessons of this war is the demonstration of the fact—First, That cotton is not king; and Second, That the Yankees are not tied to the everlasting dollar, but can fight—and I might add that the Puritans are not all sniveling and cowardly hypocrites, who are afraid of bullets, though devoted to prayers.

There was a time when the good town of Rye apparently belonged to Connecticut, and Mamaroneck river was the Rubicon of New England. After sundry contests the stakes were taken up, and Byram river became the territorial limit. I mention this only to show that if that river had taken a short turn and flowed a little further northwest, Port Chester and this audience, with all its distinction and beauty, would have been at the present moment in the State of Connecticut!—and that would have been horrible! Connecticut with its wooden nutmegs!

By-the-by, I never met a person who had ate one. Connecticut, where apprentices were wont to stipulate not to have salmon over twice a week! where chewing tobacco, —Lilienthal, and Solace, and Mrs. Miller— were all forbidden, under terrible pains and penalties! where husband and wife could not lawfully kiss on Sunday! no doubt they made up for it during the week.

So we see how much we have escaped by this accident about the course of Byram river. The fact is, if Connecticut had not intervened we should have been in Massachusetts, and been compelled to swallow the Mayflower, and Plymouth Rock, Cotton Mather and all the witches of Salem. Nay, we might even have been compelled to stand on Bunker Hill, when Extra Billy Smith calls the roll of his slaves under the shadow of the monument.

When I was Surrogate of New York,

among the records of my office I found the will of a well-known gentleman, dead some fifty years since, in which he very carefully directed that his son should receive an elegant education; but that upon no possible condition, nor under any conceivable circumstances, should he ever be instructed by a Connecticut schoolmaster! I at first thought that the testator had in his youth-time suffered fearfully under New England birch, but reading on a little further I began to doubt his sanity, for he provided by another clause of his will for his disconsolate and distressed widow, by giving her an annuity of \$3,000 a year, so long as she remained unmarried; but in case she married again he gave her \$5,000 a year! No doubt he wished some other unhappy person to discover the pleasures of matrimony in that direction.

Fortunately, since that period the Con-

necticut school-master has been abroad, and New England has left the stamp of her character and institutions, and principles, upon all the great States of the North!

See in what a miserable plight and benighted condition was this town of Rye in 1774, two years before the Revolution. John Adams, the first Vice-President of the United States, and its second President, the successor of George Washington, the father of John Quincy Adams, the godfather of the abolition of slavery, writing in August of that year, as he was traveling along the old Boston post road, says on Friday, the 19th of that month: "Rode to Fitches, of Stamford, where we breakfasted. Rode to Haviland's, of Rye. (That family seemed to have all the land in Rye, at that period.) Rode to Haviland's, of Rye, the first town in the province of New York." He meant the first town he met; not the first in con-

dition—for deeply impressed with Puritanism, he adds, no doubt in great sorrow and tribulation: “The barber says that religion don’t flourish in this town.” Model of a barber. It is clear that good John Adams was shaved that morning; for judging the past from the present the town must have been eminently religious. In order, however, to prove the case, he says, informed no doubt under the lather and razor of the barber: “The Congregational society have no minister. The Church minister has forty-five pounds from the society. They have a school for writing and ciphering, but no grammar school. (THE PORT CHESTER Monitor will note that!) There is no law of this province that requires a minister or a schoolmaster.”

Now I submit, in view of the present condition of the population of Rye, that all this was a most abominable and barberous

scandal; and if that detestable barber could be found his name should be held up for public execration.

The same John Adams was an ardent advocate of the idea of carrying New England into the South. It was too good a thing to be left at home and waste its sweetness on the desert air. He thought we should all row in the same boat together, though with different skulls. Shortly afterwards he met a Southern friend, Major Langbourne. "He was lamenting the difference of character between Virginia and New England. I offered to give him a receipt for making a New England in Virginia. He desired it; and I recommended to him, town-meetings, training-days, town-schools and ministers—giving him a short explanation of each article. The meeting-house, and school-house and training-field are the scenes where New England men were formed. Col. Trumbull,

who was present, agreed that these are the ingredients." The colonel seems to have treated it as a dose of medicine to cure the South.

Now laying aside all pleasantry, do we not find a great historic and a still greater moral truth in these notes? Have not the minister and the school-master been the pioneers of the North? Have they not gone out, with the adventurer, into the wilderness, and made it bud and blossom as the rose? Have they not carried into the bosom of the forest, and upon the broad prairies, and to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and down to the shores of the great Pacific, all the culture of the human intellect and understanding; the knowledge of God and the faith of Christ?

And the training-school—the stern teacher of law and order: of obedience to law and discipline; the real author and father of



Annapolis and West Point. Where were our heroes begotten and trained? Thomas and Wright, Meade and Sheridan, Sherman and Ulysses? Children of the training-school. And from children they have become men, and illustrate with undying glory the institutions of this great Republic, the principles of the Constitution, and the fidelity we owe to truth, justice, liberty and humanity.

At the outset of the war it was said, at home and in Europe, the North will never fight.

Hear the gallant words of Logan :

“ If Mr. Lincoln is elected I will shoulder my musket to have him inaugurated.”

“ I am to-day a soldier of the Republic, so to remain, changeless and immutable, until her last and weakest enemy shall have expired and passed away.”

“ I have entered the field to die, if need be, for this government; and never expect

to return to peaceful pursuits until the object of this war of preservation has become a fact established."

"If the South, by her malignant treachery, has imperiled all that made her great and wealthy, and it was to be lost, I would not stretch forth my hand to save her from destruction, if she will not be saved by a restoration of the Union. Since the die of her wretchedness has been cast by her hands, let the coin of her misery be circulated alone in her own dominions, until the peace of the Union ameliorates her forlorn condition."

"The North will not fight!"

As suddenly on some bright and peaceful summer's day, the cloud in the horizon, like a man's hand, quickly swells until it blackens the heavens, and men shrink terrified and appalled before the furious and sweeping blasts of wind and rain, and the fierce stroke and crash of the grand artillery of the skies,

and the voice of man is hushed and his heart lies still in his breast—so we saw that great uprising and tempest of the people, pouring forth like a vast torrent, and overwhelming all before it.

Reposing in fancied peace and security ; incredulous of danger, and disbelieving the portents of the coming storm, the nation was aroused from lethargy on that dark and dreary day of April, when our glorious flag was trailed in the dust.

And then, and since then, what a wonderful spectacle !

Never before in the history of man have a free people been called to vindicate the sacred rights of human freedom. Alexander, and Cæsar, and Napoleon, with phalanx, and legion, and armed hosts, impersonated the love of conquest, ambition, and personal glory and selfishness. But the American

people, inspired by patriotism, by devotion to their country, their constitution, their honor: and with souls sanctified, and wills intensified, and hearts and nerves and arms invigorated to strike for

Their altars and their fires,  
For the green graves of their sires,  
For God and their native land,

poured forth in countless numbers from hill-side, valley and prairie, from the mountains to the sea, from the rivers of the North to the rivers of the South—a mighty multitude, the number of whom was as the sands of the sea, or stars of heaven.

And tender woman hastened, with heroic spirit, to give up her jewels. The mother fastened the sword to the side of her beloved son; and sister bade her brother God speed, and the maiden parted from her lover—all with sighs and tears and prayers; but with the firm determination of Spartans. And how many gazed on those dear forms for the

last time? Oh, how little can we who remained at home know of the agonies of those brave hearts; the pains and trials and sufferings of the soldier; the weary march; the sickly camp; exposure to weather; privation of food; the death-wound on the battle-field, or the wretchedness and numberless miseries of a prisoner of war. How, amid such scenes of woe, the heart turns back to home, and longs and craves for one word of affection and sympathy, one look of tender love—some kind assurance that the deed will not be forgotten.

All honor to the immortal dead. They are not dead—but they will live, not only in the scroll of human glory, not only in the history of the age, not only enshrined in the dearest heart of hearts of a grateful people; in the heroic song, in the fireside ballad, in the cottage and the Senate hall; but doubtless their noble devotion, their

sacrifice at the sacred altar of that liberty wherewith God has made all his creatures free—the offering of their lives for the defence of his gifts of freedom, and truth, and justice, will make them precious in His sight.

All honor to the immortal dead! And as that countless throng of souls stream their way up the towering vaults of Heaven, let us be mindful of their great example.

And all honor to the immortal living!

By your valor, your arms, your endurance and your fidelity, works have been accomplished beyond the wildest dreams of imagination or the scope of deliberate thought. As in the oriental romance, vast forms suddenly spring from the earth, and palaces and great structures are formed in a night—so, as if the earth had been struck by the spear of Mars, vast armies sprang into existence—multitudes in the valley of

decision; and they went forth, to many a defeat and disaster, many terrible blows and repulses, many a horrid gash and wound, many scoffs and reproaches; still they moved on. They bared their breasts to the bullet and the bayonet; they followed the thundering squadrons of the indomitable Sheridan; they rallied around the resolute and inflexible Thomas. They swept from the West to the ocean under the lead of that great captain and commander—hero of heroes—General Sherman.

And those with Ulysses Grant toiled through the wilderness—watched and waited—waited and watched. They fought by day and fought by night. He was patient—they were patient. Others were startling the world by brilliant achievements. Others seemed to be reaping the harvest of glory! Never was there a nobler specimen of human greatness. He stood like a granite

column—unmoved, calm, composed, silent. His hand moved; his genius directed; but for himself he bided his time, until when, amid the general crash, fire, and flames, and convulsive dissolution of the rebellion, he planted on the smouldering walls of the enemy's capital the flag of the Union—that war-worn and battle-stained flag; that honored flag of our fathers; that banner which blazons the stars of Heaven, and which will be dear to the soldier and the patriot as long as the stars shall continue to shine in the firmament.

And how shall we speak of Abraham Lincoln? What tongue can tell, what art portray the lineaments of his character—his great heart—his broad humanity?

The Supreme Governor of the world never leaves its guidance. His hand and wisdom control, as the celestial system above, the terrestrial sphere below; and



men are always provided for his work as they are demanded by necessities.

As the patriarch of old said, "My son, God will provide an offering," so this being was provided for us. Raised from the humblest condition, fed out of no lordly dish, trained in the hardships and discipline of labor and self-reliance, without help from the elegance and refinement of intellectual culture, or the wisdom of philosophy and statesmanship, he was provided for us—the man for the time.

As the speaker stood by his funeral couch, surrounded by assembled generals and admirals, officers of state and justice, and foreign ministers arrayed in all the pomp and circumstance of rank and title; and saw all that remained of that venerated man, the thought could not be repressed that *there* was no hereditary or accidental greatness—neither glittering star on his breast, nor

jeweled crown upon his temples; but born of the people, the child of the people, he had in the simple majesty of a pure, truthful, upright, honest heart, become the man of the age.

And as the prayer rose in that presence, and the divine besought heaven that the principles which Abraham Lincoln had lived to carry on to victory, and had died to consecrate with his blood, might prevail all over the civilized world, until truth and justice should be triumphant, thrones and dominions fall prostrate, before their onward march, chains drop from the limbs of the captive, the prison-house be opened, and man be free; as if by an irrepressible emotion and impulse, in deep and solemn awe, with a voice as from the grave all the people said amen! amen!

And so let it be! Americans! we to-day salute the memory of the Revolution!

We hold up to our ancestors the bright inheritance they bequeathed us. Their banner and our banner still floats to the breeze ; and we stand together as a band of brothers, with no stain of slavery on our escutcheon, with our garments unspotted and our vestments undimmed by any law of oppression or wrong.

We stand together with the Union—for the Union—and with an imperishable Union.

We swear for her to live, with her to die !

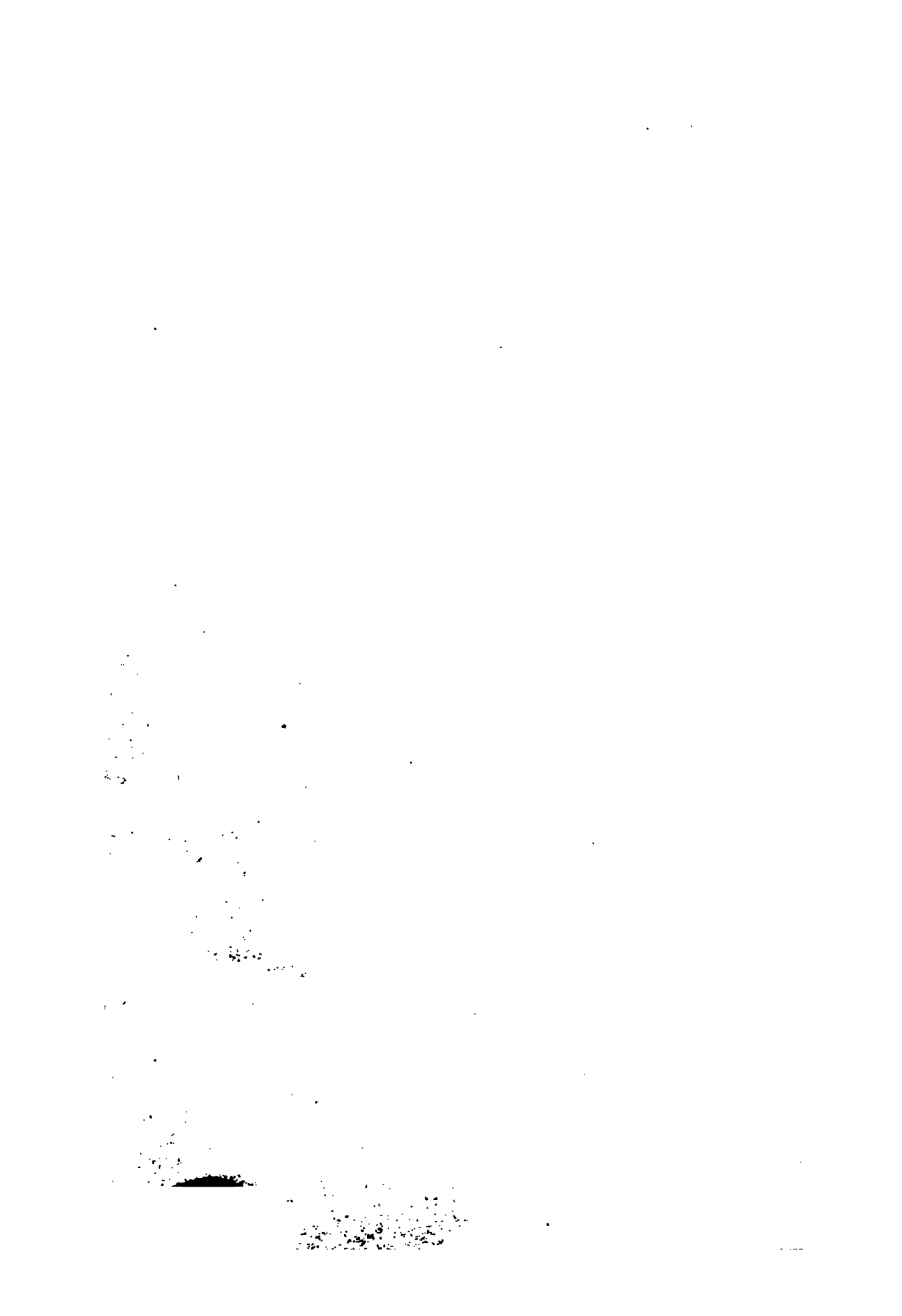
Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,  
 Lord of the iron-heart and eagle-eye ;  
 Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,  
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the North  
 A Heavenly goddess brought thee forth,  
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
 Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying time.



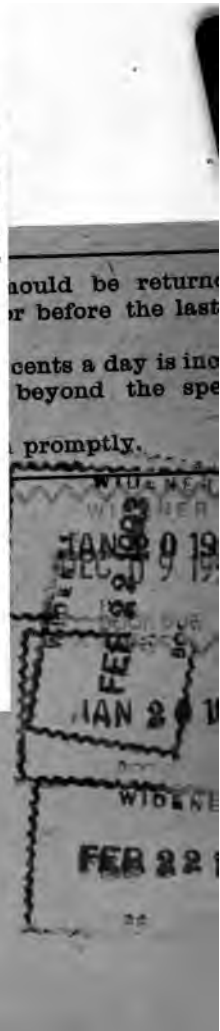
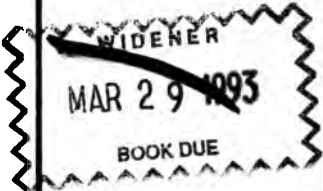








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